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Allegiances

ThunderClan

Leader: Bluestar
Deputy: Redtail(apprentice, Dustpaw)
Medicine Cat: Spottedleaf

Warriors:
Lionheart(apprentice, Graypaw)
Tigerclaw(apprentice, Ravenpaw)
Whitestorm(apprentice, Sandpaw)
Darkstripe
Longtail
Runningwind
Willowpelt
Mousefur

Apprentices:
Dustpaw
Graypaw
Ravenpaw
Sandpaw
Firepaw

Queens:
Frostfur
Brindleface
Goldenflower
Speckletail

Elders:
Halftail
Smallear
Patchpelt
One-Eye
Dappletail

Prologue

(some of what I remember from the first chapter of into the wild)

"Rusty, why would you want to leave?" Smudge whispered. "I've known you for a long time...plus you don't even know the forest that well."

Rusty flattened his ears, leaping up onto the fence. "I can go if I want," he growled. "It's not like anyone's going to to kill me." *Or any*thing.

Soon enough, he leaped to the other side of the fence, leaving Smudge behind. "Rusty, wait!" Smudge yelped.

Rusty ignored him, venturing out into the forest. He wanted to try prey, to see what it would taste like. He opened his jaws, scenting the air. Suddenly he tasted the tang of mouse. A mouse was creeping along the forest floor, and Rusty got into a crouch.

Leaves rustled from behind Rusty, and suddenly a grey shape pounced on top of him, knocking him to the ground. The two of them rolled on the ground, and the grey shape pinned Rusty and spat in his face. Rusty kicked him out of the way, running to the fence.

"Kittypet!" The grey cat hissed from behind him. Rusty suddenly spun around, and raced back at the cat. He pounced on the grey tom, pinning him to the ground.

"Who are you, kittypet?" The tom breathed, crawling out from under Rusty, and sat down. Rusty relaxed his gaze.

"I'm...Rusty," He meowed defensively.

"I'm Graypaw, a warrior of ThunderClan...well, not yet. I'm training to be one anyways," Graypaw licked his chest. "As soon as when I'm done with my training, I'm going to be the most feared warrior in

the Clans."

Rusty had heard of stories of the Clans, but never met one of the Clan cats.

"You are a good fighter for a kittypet," Graypaw meowed.

"You keep calling me a kittypet, what does that mean?" Rusty asked.

Graypaw flicked his tail and stood up. "It's another word for cats like you who live with twolegs. Why are you out here in the forest, so far from your twoleg nest?"

Rusty didn't want to respond, he felt like this Clan apprentice didn't need to know. He quickly changed the subject. "Is there any more warriors like you here?" Rusty asked, looking around.

Graypaw suddenly flattened his ears. "Quick, run!" Rusty tried jumping in the nearest bush, but it was too late.

A blue-grey she-cat padded up to them. "What's going on here?"

"Bluestar!" Graypaw whispered to Rusty, crouching low to the ground.

A second cat- a golden tabby tom approached them, following the she-cat into the clearing. "You shouldn't be so close to Twolegplace, Graypaw!" The tom growled.

"I know, Lionheart. I'm sorry." Graypaw looked down at his paws. Rusty copied what Graypaw was doing, and crouched down as well.

Bluestar looked at Rusty. "Who's this?" she asked.

"He's no threat," Graypaw meowed quickly. "Just a Twoleg pet from beyond our territories."

Rusty's pelt burned with fury as he heard Graypaw call him 'a twoleg pet'. He now had a strange feeling inside of him. He wanted to try out the new life in the Clans, and live there.

Chapter One

(ravenpaw dies sooner than I thought in this chapter, sorry)

Bluestar stepped forward and took the collar from Longtail. She placed it on the ground in front of herand meowed, "The newcomer has lost his Twoleg collar in a battle for his honor. StarClan has spoken itsapproval—this cat has been released from the hold of his Twoleg owners, and is free to join ThunderClan as an apprentice."

Rusty looked at Bluestar and nodded. He stood up and stepped forward, lifting his head proudly and looked at the cats that surrounded him. This time no cat argued, he had shown himself to be a worthy opponent in battle.

Bluestar approached Rusty and placed the shredded collar on the ground in front of him. She touched his ear gently with her nose. "You look like a brand of fire in this sunlight," she murmured. Her eyes flashedbriefly, as if her words had more meaning for her than Rusty knew. "You have fought well." Then she turned to the Clan and announced, "From this day forward, until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice willbe called Firepaw, in honor of his flame-colored coat."

She stepped back and, with the other cats, waited silently for his next move. Without hesitating, Firepaw turned and kicked dust and grass over his collar as though burying his dirt.

Longtail growled and limped out of the clearing toward a fern-shaded corner. The cats split into groups, murmuring in excitement.

A grey tabby tom stalked towards Firepaw.

"That's Darkstripe," Graypaw whispered as he padded forward.

"Hello, Darkstripe." Firepaw growled, trying to match the dark toms attitude.

Darkstripe looked at Firepaw for a moment, surprised. Then, he calmed his gaze. "Luckily your collar snapped when it did. Longtail is a young warrior, but I can't imagine him being beaten by a kittypet!" he spat, walking away. He then stopped and turned his head. "You do have a fire and good battle moves for one anyway."

Firepaw and Graypaw watched him stalk away. A yowl sounded from outside the camp, and everyone turned to look what happened. A small black tom raced into the camp. He was skinny, and bloody. He looked like he was dying.

"Ravenpaw! Wait, wheres Tigerclaw?" Graypaw whispered, breathing hard.

The little black tom fell to the ground, and a pretty she-cat raced over immediately. She started checking him, but stopped.

"That's Spottedleaf, our medicine cat," Graypaw closed his eyes. "Somethings wrong."

Bluestar padded over slowly. "Is Ravenpaw alright?"

Spottedleaf looked up at Bluestar, her eyes flooded with guilt. Her paws trembled. "He's dead." she shook her head. "I couldn't save him in time."

A large, brown tabby tom bounded into the clearing, holding a red tom on his back. "Redtail is dead!" he growled, looking at each cat in the clearing.

"Who's that?" Firepaw whispered to Graypaw.

Graypaw looked at Firepaw in grief. "Tigerclaw. He is holding Redtail."

The Clan gasped as Tigerclaw explained what happened. "-I couldn't help him, Redtail was already dead. Oakheart killed him before I got to him."

"StarClan will take Ravenpaw and Redtail to StarClan with honor," Bluestar meowed in grief. "Redtail was a noble warrior, and

ThunderClan should always remember that. Ravenpaw didn't get to live his whole life to be a warrior, and that's a terrible loss for our Clan. However, we now have two apprentices that still need to be apprenticed, and a deputy that must be appointed. Dustpaw, your mentor died, and you need a new mentor to train you into your ways of a warrior. Darkstripe, step forward."

The dark warrior stepped forward, next to Dustpaw.

"You will be Dustpaw's new mentor. I trust you to help Dustpaw complete his training, and earn the ways of a warrior," Bluestar announced. She called up Firepaw next. "Firepaw, you need a mentor so you can learn how to hunt and fight. One of our nobelist warriors had just lost his apprentice, and needs one. Tigerclaw, step forward."

Tigerclaw stepped forward, his muscles rippling underneath his fur. Firepaws pride faded as he just realized that Tigerclaw was going to be his mentor.

"Tigerclaw, you just lost an apprentice. You will be Firepaws mentor. I trust you to pass on all of your skills and knowledge to Firepaw, as he needs it." Bluestar meowed, resting her gaze on Firepaw. Firepaw did what Dustpaw did and touched his nose to Tigerclaws.

"I wont let you down, Tigerclaw. I'll be the best apprentice ever, you'll see!" Firepaw whispered to his mentor.

"That's good," Tigerclaws mewed gruffly. *Maybe he won't be so bad, after all, I could use him for my plan.* Tigerclaw thought.

Chapter Two

(Moons later)

"Try again!" Tigerclaw growled as Firepaw practiced his battle moves. His limbs were getting tired, and Tigerclaw had him practice all day.

"Can I stop for awhile? I am getting tired-" Firepaw hissed.

"*No!*" Tigerclaw snapped. "Not until you complete and master each skill and technique. I want you full on, if you want to be a warrior. You puny kittypets are so lazy, you never get up and experience how much you can do."

"I'm *not* lazy!" Firepaw snarled. He wanted to be the strongest, most respected and feared warrior in the Clans. And make Tigerclaw proud. "I'll train hard, I promise!"

Tigerclaw sat down, his gaze soft. "You promise," he whispered. "I'll let you practice some of the battle moves apprentices your age won't be able to practice. I'll show you what the killing bite is, if you want to learn it."

Firepaw nodded immediately. "Yes!" he meowed excitedly. Tigerclaw showed him what it was, and Firepaw copied him. He tried again and again to make sure he got it right.

Tigerclaw nodded, and flicked his tail, walking out of the training hollow. He looked over his shoulder. "I have something important I have to tell you."

Firepaw nodded, and followed Tigerclaw into the deep forest. Tigerclaw sat down, and Firepaw did the same.

Tigerclaw sighed. "You promise not to tell anyone? Not even your closest friends?" he meowed silently, but so Firepaw can hear him.

Firepaw nodded, and Tigerclaw continued. "I see great potential in

you, even if you are a kittypet. You will be a great warrior one day, but only if you do exactly as I say," he started circling Firepaw. "Bluestar is weak, and wanted RiverClan to invade these borders all along. RiverClan wants her to stay in her position so that they can invade and take over sunningrocks."

Firepaw flattened his ears. "She's a traitor!" he hissed.

He wants to kill Bluestar, Tigerclaw nodded. "Firepaw, I know that a thought is in your head this very moment. Can you tell me what we should to with Bluestar?"

The young apprentices eyes darkened. "We need to kill Bluestar and stop RiverClan from taking over our territory."

Tigerclaw grinned slightly, "Do as I say and I'll make you deputy once we kill Lionheart and Bluestar."

Firepaw nodded, and walked off into the camp, Tigerclaw trailing behind. When they entered the camp everything was chaos; ShadowClan cats had invaded their camp, and the ThunderClan cats had charged into battle.

"Firepaw, go that way, while I go protect Bluestar." Tigerclaw flicked his tail near Lionheart, while he was bounding away to where Bluestar fought. Firepaw raced over to Lionheart and knew what to do. He bit the ShadowClan warriors' tail and scratched it's muzzle. That's all he had done, and he pretended that the warrior was defeated and walked away to fight on Tigerclaws side, leaving Lionheart fighting a storm of cats.

Lionheart suddenly fell down. "Firepaw..." he whispered looking at the young tom. His head fell down on the ground as he lay bleeding, defeated. The ShadowClan warrior landed its final blow on Lionheart, and padded away.

Firepaw looked back at the dead deputy, and looked back at Tigerclaw with pride on his face. Tigerclaw nodded in approval as ShadowClan retreated.

"Today four apprentices fought well and showed their mentors and I

that they are all worthy of their warrior names," Bluestar announced, resting her eyes on Sandpaw, Firepaw, Dustpaw, and Graypaw. "Do you promise to uphold the ways of a warrior and to protect the clan even at the cost of your lives?" she asked.

"I do," the four apprentices meowed in union.

"Sandpaw, from this day forward, you will be known as Sandstorm," Sandstorm dipped her head to the leader as Bluestar called her warrior name. "Greypaw, you fought well and showed Lionheart that you take battles seriously. From this day forward, you will be known as Greystripe," Greystripe puffed out his chest, pleased. "Dustpaw, I'm sorry that Redtail couldn't have guided you fully to your ways to a warrior. But I hope he is proud of you in every way. Darkstripe did well in training you, and taught you more skills and techniques to remember. From this day forward, you will be known as Dustpelt,"

Dustpelt looked at his mentor and at the stars and murmured 'thank you,'.

Bluestar continued, resting her gaze on Firepaw and Tigerclaw. "Firepaw, you deserve this name in honor of your flame coat and your big personality. You tried to save Lionheart, but couldn't due to the fact of how many warriors you were fighting. You did however fight on my side, and deserve your warrior name. From this day forward, you will be known as Fireheart."

"Fireheart! Graystripe! Sandstorm! Dustpelt!" The Clan cheered.

Bluestar silenced the Clan with a flick of her tail. "We lost another deputy, and I need to name a new one before sunhigh. I plead StarClan to approve my choice. The new deputy will be Tigerclaw,"

Tigerclaw nodded in acceptance, Fireheart knowing what he was thinking.

All we have to do is kill Bluestar, Fireheart thought. *Then we can take over.*

Chapter Three

"How do we kill Bluestar?" Fireheart asked, while meeting with Darkstripe, Tigerclaw, Longtail, and Dustpelt deep in the forest where no patrol or hunting party would hear.

"Maybe we could kill her on the Thunderpath?" Dustpelt asked quietly.

Fireheart shook his head. "We need to kill her in her den,"

Tigerclaw nodded, agreeing. "It's the best way, since we need to make it look like we are innocent in the Clan."

Fireheart bent over to Tigerclaw. "Then, we take over." he whispered in his ear, and grinned.

They entered camp, prey in each mouth, and set their prey down at the fresh kill pile.

"We are being invaded!" Graystripe yowled to the Clan.

The Clan scattered- kits and mothers fled to their den, elders huddled together in panic. Warriors lined up in position, ready to fight. A rouge pounced on Whitestorm, and toppled him over. And soon, the entire camp was fighting with rage.

A big tom padded slowly to the camp entrance, and warriors became silent. He was dark brown, scars covered his body. Stares of the cats told Fireheart this cat was bad news.

"Brokenstar," Graystripe snarled, launching himself at the tom. The two battled each other, and Graystripe was now on the ground.

Fireheart looked down at the tom, not helping him.

Bluestar raced to her den, and Tigerclaw followed. When he entered her den, he saw Bluestar sitting down, breathing heavily. Tigerclaw

pounced on top of her, pinning Bluestar to the ground.

"What- Tigerclaw! What are you doing?" Bluestar gasped, struggling from his grip.

Tigerclaw grinned, and lowered his head close to Bluestar. "You are a disgrace to the Clans, therefore you don't deserve to be leader. *I deserve to be leader!"* Tigerclaw slashed his claw on her face, leaving claw marks.

"Is that it?" Bluestar snarled. Tigerclaw stepped away, and a ginger flash of fur attacked her. Pining her to the ground, he was going to do the killing bite. Bluestar's eyes widened, as she realized who it was. "F-Fireheart?-"

Fireheart launched at her throat, taking out a life. He then dug at her stomach, taking out her organs and stomach. Her heart was left. She was bleeding badly, and her breathing stopped. Her muzzle was wide open, her eyes clouded, but panicked. Bluestar was *dead.* And Fireheart killed her.

Chapter Four

Fireheart stood in his leaders den, a growing smirk on his face as he saw his leader dead on the ground. He ripped all the lives out of her, as he bit in her neck and sliced open her stomach, pulling each system out of her.

Tigerclaw padded into the den, and saw Bluestar. "Finally," he nodded at Fireheart as they both dragged her body out of the den, while a rouge was following. Tigerclaw jumped up onto the high rock, and raised his head high as the Clan dipped their head in silence.

"Your leader is *dead,*" he announced. "Fireheart killed her, and deserves to be rewarded. Bluestar was a mangy scum that deserved no right to be in the Clans. She wanted us to lose our territory to RiverClan. I am your leader now-"

"Not until you go receive your nine lives!" Graystripe spat, while Sandstorm put her tail over his muzzle to quiet him.

"-and ThunderClan is no more. The *four Clans* is no more. We will be known as *TigerClan!* No more Clan traditions, no more puny names to make us look weak! Fireheart, you will be known as Flameclaw. You will be my deputy to make sure nobody steps out of line and betrays us. If they do, we will make sure they are killed in-front of everyone to make sure no one else does!"

Flameclaw dipped his head, and stalked up to the high rock to join his leader. "I will not let you down, Tigerclaw." he grinned, glaring at Graystripe. Graystripe feared that Flameclaw might know something about him no one else knows about.

"I will go to the moonpool and receive my nine lives. Flameclaw, Darkstripe, Dustpelt, and Longtail. You will guard my camp when I'm gone. Yellowfang?" Tigerclaw called to the warriors.

Yellowfang stepped out from the crowd, and dipped her head. "Yes,

Tigerclaw?" she meowed gruffly.

"You will guide me to the moonstone. Let's go," Tigerclaw turned around and headed out of camp, Yellowfang following.

Flameclaw went up to the fresh-kill pile, and dragged a fat vole out of it. He sat near Darkstripe and Longtail, and started taking bites out of it.

"F-Fireheart?" A voice said from behind him. Flameclaw snapped his head in that direction, and saw his old friend, Graystripe there.

"I'm not *Fireheart* any*more,* mousebrain," Flameclaw snarled at him, ears flattened.

"Oh, I'm sorry, *Flameclaw."* Graystripe snapped at him. "I only wanted to talk to you for a moment."

Flameclaw looked back at his clan mates and nodded at them, stood up, and followed Graystripe out of camp. They stopped near sunningrocks. "What do you want?" Flameclaw growled.

"Fire- Flamehea- I mean Flameclaw," Graystripe stammered. "What happened to you?" he whispered, looking at Flameclaw's shoulder muscles and scars. He shook his head slowly. "What happened to my friend?"

"You were never my friend," Flameclaw hissed, backing away. "You are a traitor, just like Bluestar."

"W-What do you mean?" Graystripe whispered, eyes wide.

"I saw you the other day, with that RiverClan she-cat. You think I don't know this? You deserve death." Flameclaw unsheathed his claws. "And when I tell Tigerstar, he will think the same." he stalked away into camp.

I don't care if he is named 'Flameclaw', I will always call him Fireheart, my friend. Graystripe followed Flameclaw into TigerClans camp.

Chapter Five

Sandstorm looked from one side to the other, before bounding into the forest. TigerClan was dangerous now- the most feared Clan and cats of the forest. Tigerstar and Flameclaw had merged the four clans into one, and whoever spoke of the Clans will be silenced and punished.

Besides for the troubles in the Clan, Sandstorm found something inside of her that longed to be with Flameclaw. She had no idea why she wanted to, but she had the feeling like it was her destiny. *Destiny? Not at all.* Sandstorm thought. *Flameclaw is a murderous cat, and a kitty pet. Why would I ever want to be with him?*

Sandstorm kept on walking until she reached the river between the former Clans, ThunderClan and RiverClan. She remembered the fun she had as an apprentice- splashing in the water, fighting for Sunningrocks...being with young Firepaw.

But now that's all gone. Tigerstar has changed the innocent apprentices mind to be twisted and murderous. Flameclaw had killed Lionheart and Bluestar...from what she had heard from the warriors and elders. Sandstorm remembered that when Rusty had first joined the Clan, Sandstorm was rude to him and never gave him a chance.

Rusty, Firepaw, Fireheart...and Flameclaw. Why didn't Sandstorm try to change him earlier? To stop him from leading the Clans to destruction? 1. She never thought that she could trust a kitty pet. 2. She was afraid.

"What are you doing?" Someone growled from behind her. Sandstorm turned around and gasped once she saw the muscular ginger tom standing, claws unsheathed, in a attack-ready position.

The she-cat blinked, and stood up, facing him. "I was going to see if there was any fish in the water to catch. Leopardfur taught me how, and I am going to try it."

Flameclaw shook his head slowly. "You never told Darkstripe or Longtail that you were going to hunt," he sheathed his claws, sitting down.

"Do I really need to tell them? A good warrior should be trusted." Sandstorm snapped, her ears flattened.

"And yet you *are* trusted, Sandstorm. I just don't think that you should be wandering these parts of the forest at night," Flameclaw meowed.

"What kind of *murderous*, mouse-*brained* snake-heart says that?" Sandstorms pelt sparked with fury. Flameclaw had no right in the warrior code to even check up on her.

Flameclaw stood up again. "*Me.* You can think that Sandstorm, but you can trust me. I know that you are troubled, and I want you to tell me at sunhigh. *After* the Clan meeting." he stormed off, leaving Sandstorm feeling empty. She didn't know that to do now, except for one thing. She was going to become mates with him, and change him to be the innocent cat he once was.

"Let all cats join beneath the high rock for a Clan meeting," Tigerstar called. Cats gathered, separated into groups. Flameclaw had jumped up next to his leader. "Welcome, TigerClan. I have new improvements I want to share with you. When kits become apprentices they will be named with their Warrior name. We don't need any weakness in our Clan, so we will be having kits be apprentices at three moons."

Cats started murmuring with unease at that announcement. Sandstorm started growing with anger. *Kits will be killed! How dare he.* Kits at that age shouldn't be apprentices that early, especially since they will be training as warriors. Flameclaw must have agreed about it too- Tigerstar tells him everything.

"Apprentices that were named with 'paw' will be reverted with their warrior names," Tigerstar continued. "Brightpaw, Swiftpaw, Brackenpaw, Ashpaw, Cinderpaw, Thornpaw, and Fernpaw. You will be named Brightheart, Swiftfoot, Brackenfur, Ashfur, Cinderpelt, Thornclaw, and Ferncloud. I will name other

apprentices at the next Clan meeting. For now, the Clan may be dismissed."

The clan separated into their regular groups for the rest of the day. Sandstorm was hesitant about being with Flameclaw alone, though she had no choice. What was she going to tell him? That she secretly has feelings for him? Maybe.

"Sandstorm," Flameclaw growled, jumping off the highrock. "Are you ready?" Sandstorm nodded before both cats headed out of camp. They stopped at sunningrocks.

"What was it you wanted to tell me?" Flameclaw asked. Sandstorm hesitated before speaking. Suddenly, they could hear voices and chatter a couple yards away. They padded slowly to a bush where they could listen without being seen.

"It's t-this way, Scourge." A small, grey tom led a raven-black tom with one white paw and a collar with teeth poking out of it. His eyes were a icy-blue color. Sandstorm moved her gaze to the toms massive claws. *He could kill a cat in one swipe.* She thought.

"I don't see anything, Boulder." Scourge hissed in a high voice. A black and white tom followed with the same collar.

Flameclaw growled and leaped our of the bush, tackling the black tom to the ground. "Who are you?" He snarled. "What are you doing in TigerClans territory?"

Scourge spat in his face, and kicked the warrior off. "I'm Scourge, leader of BloodClan." he told Flameclaw. "One of your *cats* made a pact with me, to join together so we will have the forest."

Flameclaw flattened his ears. "Who was it?" he had no idea who it was, and he needed to know so he can report to Tigerstar.

"I don't remember the name, but I remember what he looked like. He was a dark brown tabby...with amber eyes?" Scourge thought hard. "I remember his name began with 'Tiger'."

Flameclaw stepped backwards, flabbergasted. "T-Tigerstar?" he couldn't believe it. Tigerstar, the one cat who hates kittypets and

traitors, made a pact with this rouge.

He started to bubble with anger. He stared walking towards camp, but stopped and turned his head back to them. "Come," he ordered. The five cats entered the camp, receiving stares, and hisses. Tigerstar bounded out of his den, and once he saw Scourge, Bone, and Boulder he relaxed his gaze.

Flameclaw started to take a couple of slow steps towards Tigerstar. "Do you know these three?" he hissed, tail lashing.

"I met them by the old twoleg den." Tigerstar meowed smoothly.

"*Liar*!" Flameclaw pounced onto his leader, pushing them both in the leaders den. He pinned Tigerstar down, claws unshethed, drawing blood. "If you are going to betray my Clan then you don't deserve to be leader. You don't deserve to live!"

Tigerstar didn't move. "Kill me, kittypet. You will only be known as a monster who killed cats for power." he taunted. Flameclaw was about to claw his throat when Longtail bounded in the den.

"Flameclaw! Scourge took-" Longtail froze once he saw Flameclaw and Tigerstar. Tigerstar pretended to be defeated, going limp.

"Flameclaw...how you try to kill your own leader?" Tigerstar spat, weakly kicking Flameclaw off. The ginger warrior lashed his tail, ears flattened.

Tigerstar bounded onto the highrock, his shoulders squirting with blood. Cats gathered, confused. "Flameclaw led these rouges into camp, and tried to kill his own leader!" he growled, glaring at the ginger warrior.

Sandstorm shook her head quickly. *How could he do such thing?* she thought. *To kill his own leader?* Cats stirred around and turned their gaze to Flameclaw. Sandstorm slowly turned her head to look at Graystripe, who was sitting close to Dustpelt. He wasn't doing anything, except for glaring at his former friend.

"What should we do to him?" Tigerstar asked. Sandstorm closed her eyes, feeling ashamed for even loving Flameclaw.

"Blind him!"

"Kill him!"

(**Yes, I know that this is what the ThunderClan cats said in the books but shhhh**)

"Maybe we should do both. Right, Flameclaw?" Tigerstar hissed directly to Flameclaw. "The next time we catch you in TigerClan territory, we will kill you. *I* will kill you." Flameclaw stayed silent, but Sandstorm knew he was already plotting a plan to come back and get revenge. "Flameclaw...maybe we shouldn't even call you that. *Rusty.* A *kitty pet.* Any last words before you go?"

Flameclaw stayed quiet, not saying anything. "I will hunt down and kill each and every one of you. All of you deserve to die. All of you!" Flameclaw growled, turning away into the undergrowth. He stopped, snapping his head to the crowd of cats. "And when I come back, you will regret even following Tigerstar." He stalked slowly out of the camp, making his way out of TigerClans territory.

Chapter Six

Flameclaw wondered out of the forest, feeling angry, frustrated, and a little bit down. But most of all...he was wondering if Sandstorm had wanted to talk to him because she had feelings for him. Why would anyone want to have feelings for a bloodthirsty traitor like him?

If he never listened to Tigerstar, then he would have gotten the young she-cats attention to love him even more. But Sandstorm would've already gone with another tom. Dustpelt was her first choice after all. Flameclaw growled with anger. How dare he let Dustpelt slip Sandstorm away from him? He was the one who made Flameclaw figure out the idea to kill Bluestar. And Tigerstar...he was just as traitorous as Greystripe and Bluestar.

Suddenly a black shape leaped out of nowhere, pinning Flameclaw to the ground. "What are you doing in *BloodClans* territory?" It was Scourge. The black tom that Tigerstar sided with. Flameclaw kicked Scourge off and stood up.

"*BloodClan*?" Flameclaw growled, his ears flattened. This was BloodClan's territory, and Flameclaw had trespassed. He suddenly realized he wasn't a Clan cat anymore, but a loner. He straightened himself up and pretended to not know what BloodClan was, so he would be able to join their Clan. "What do you mean, *Clan*?"

Scourge rolled his eyes, shaking the grass and dirt from his fur off. "Don't be a fool. You're the tom from ThunderClan. You know what a Clan is,"

Flameclaws mind slowed. He wasn't from ThunderClan. He wasn't born there. "I joined ThunderClan as an apprentice. Only six moons old. I was born as a kittypet, with twolegs,"

Scourge paused. "Who was your mother and father?" Flameclaw knew this was a personal question, but something inside of him wanted to answer it.

"My mother was Nutmeg, though my father never talked about her much. I only had dreams of her. My father was named Jake, and always was out and around the forest with his friend Talltail. From the Clans," Flameclaw explained more about his parents, while Scourge sat and listened silently until Flameclaw had ended.

"I had a father named Jake," Scourge murmured softly. Flameclaw's ears perked up as soon as he heard that. Scourge explained more, "But he never came to visit, he only stayed in the forest, for who knows what reason." This could only mean one thing.

"You are Jake's first litter," Flameclaw commented, and Scourge had nodded. "I'm assuming another word of it is my half-brother." Scourge nodded in understanding.

Scourge realized he never asked Flameclaw about why the tom was in BloodClan's territory. "Why are you in BloodClan territory, anyway?" he asked Flameclaw. By the question, Flameclaw's ears fattened, and a low growl came out from his throat.

"Tigerstar," he growled.

Scourge rolled his eyes. "I'm guessing he banished you?"

Flameclaw nodded slowly. "Yes. After you left, I attacked him since he betrayed his Clan. He blamed me for killing him and banished me,"

Scourge cleared his throat and swayed his tail. "That's no surprise. He attacked me when he was only an apprentice, and I was only a kit," he explained. "I was helpless, then. But a blue-furred cat defended me, and tried to stop him from attacking me."

Flameclaw's head tilted, and his eyes widened in dismay. "Bluestar?"

Scourge shook his head. "Her name was Bluefur, unless she became leader," Flameclaw nodded. The black tom continued, "I know that you think she's a traitor, but she isn't. She's one of us. Outsiders. Thought to be traitors. Thought to be savages. She tried to save one outside her kind. That is why I respect her."

Flameclaw sighed. "I guess so."

"But, if a cat blames another for attempted murder, and the blamed was innocent, then we have to do something about it,"

"Do what?"

"Kill him. We cannot have a cat like that rule this forest," Scourge growled. "This is why you will be fit to lead." Scourge grinned. Did he really think a non-trustworthy cat like Flameclaw is fit to lead an entire forest? Maybe.

Flameclaw dipped his head. "I almost killed him once. But I'm sure I cannot kill him quickly because I do not have that long of claws to kill him. And, cat's would think I am a murderous cat, and will fear me."

Scourge's fur spiked up. "That's the goal! To be feared. That is how we will win over the forest," the next thing he did, was call over a black and white tom. Bone.

Bone stalked forward, growling as he saw Flameclaw. "What do you wish?"

Scourge explained the chain of events Flameclaw and him planned. The fact that Flameclaw teamed up with his leader, made Bone angry, but he stayed calm.

"We will be going, now. Will you come?" Scourge asked Bone.

"I will follow in a few moments," Bone replied.

Flameclaw and Scourge exited the forest, leaving Bone alone in the middle of the looming trees overhead. But Bone wasn't alone. A dark shape came out of the bushes and stopped in front of Bone.

"Tigerstar. Welcome to the forest part of BloodClan's territory. I welcome you, despite my leader's hate towards you."

Chapter Seven

"Sandstorm?" It was Greystripe. "Are you okay?" The pale she-cat raised her head in alarm. Once she saw Greystripe, her gaze calmed down. The grey tom looked at her questioning. "What's wrong? Is it Fireheart?"

Sandstorm hardened once she heard the toms old name. "His name is not Fireheart anymore." She had also been twitching and murmuring in her sleep, waking up the warriors around her.

"Well, I will always call him that," Greystripe vowed. "Even if we aren't allowed to speak of him." After Flameclaw left, Tigerstar ordered if anyone spoke of the ginger tom again, they will be sentenced. Quite a rule to make, for someone that was already hunger for power. But the cats didn't know that yet, they were all mind washed by Tigerstars urging methods.

But Tigerstar wasn't there for dawn patrol, so his new deputy, Darkstripe, had to step up for him. Sandstorm wanted to know where Flameclaw was now, and what he was planning. Obviously, the ginger tom was planing for battle revenge, but what else was Flameclaw doing?

"I want to find Flameclaw," she whispered. Greystripe gave Sandstorm a flabbergasted look. "I will explain more, but I want to talk out of the forest. Away from TigerClan."

Greystripe nodded slowly, not quite understanding, but knowing that it was a serious topic. "I will get the others so they can hear as well." What he meant for 'others' was Leopardfur, Talltail, Yellowfang, Cloudtail, Whitestorm, Cinderpelt, Lostface, and Runningwind. They were all trustworthy and loyal.

Sandstorm nodded and told each of the chosen warriors to meet Greystripe and her at the edge of the TigerClan border. A few

moments later, everyone gathered at the edge of the forest, murmuring and questioning why they were there.

"The reason why Greystripe and I invited you, is because...I want to look for Flameclaw." Sandstorm informed them, but the cats gasped in surprise, murmuring to their peers.

Yellowfang was the first to speak. "Why look for Flameclaw? He betrayed our clan." she gruffly meowed, tilting her head to one side, revealing one yellow tooth at the side of her mouth.

"Because she loves him," Whitestorm nodded slowly, his wisdom making the situation calmer. Sandstorm was about to object, when the wise white tom interrupted her, "Sandstorm, don't deny this. I've seen your expressions when you first met him, and it's obvious."

Sandstorm sighed. "I was thinking maybe I could turn him back to the innocent apprentice he once was. But I have to show him that love can change his life...and make it better."

"His father was very independent," Talltail piped up, making everyone glance towards him. "But, I think love is the only way to soften Flameclaws heart." Sandstorm wanted to question Talltail and ask why and how he knows Flameclaws father, but it wasn't that important.

"We have to find him first," Cinderpelt murmured.

"Where could he be?" Runningwind asked, looking from Sandstorm to Cinderpelt.

"Remember those rouge cats that Flameclaw found and blamed Tigerstar for making a pact with them?" Cinderpelt whispered, but so everyone can hear. "He must be with them."

Sandstorm crept slowly out of TigerClan territory, trying not to be caught from one of TigerClans patrols. She was going to find Flameclaw, and soften his heart. To find him, she will have to ask one of the rouge cats Flameclaw had found.

"Hey!" Sandstorm froze. "Hey you!" a voice growled, and Sandstorm spun around, her eyes wide. Who was that? "Are you blind? I'm

right above you." Sandstorm looked up and saw a fat black and white tabby looking down at her, laying its fat body down on a branch. "So you finally find me. Congratulations."

"Who are you?" Sandstorm asked.

The tabby rolled his eyes. "I'm Oscar, and you?" Judging by this cat's tone and laziness, Sandstorm guessed that Oscar was a kittypet. However, she doubted that Flameclaw would know this tom since the exiled tom was in the forest for moons now.

"S-Sandstorm," she stammered, realizing that the twolegplace cats and kittypets wouldn't want a Clan cat in their territory. But, she wanted to befriend a cat or two to gain trust, before looking for Flamelclaw and gaining suspiciousness from the cats. Overall, Flameclaw might be gathering up the kittypets, rouges, and loners for war with the Clans.

Oscar nodded slowly, "So, I'm guessing you are one of those *Clan* cats, hmm?"

Sandstorm shrugged. "The Clans don't mean anything to me anymore," she lied, "they are self hearted and the forest is a terrible place to live in. Too many things happen there."

"Ah. Someone *finally* gets it," Oscar jumped down from the branch, landing clumsily on the ground. Sandstorm thought he would've scared away all the prey in the forest just by jumping off the branch and onto the ground. "Y'know, I saw a tom pass through here just the other day. He came from the forest as well, do you know him by any chance?"

Sandstorm froze. "What did he look like?" if it was Flameclaw, then she could ask the tom to lead her to him. That's only if Oscar saw Flameclaw.

"Hmm...his pelt was very dark but he was a tabby. He was hidin' in the bushes, stalking a group of cats that came out of the twolegplace," Oscar thought hard. Sandstorms thoughts started to race as Oscar continued, "A couple of them came from the forest- no- one. The cat was ginger, but I couldn't tell if it was a tom or

she-cat."

Could the dark tabby be Tigerstar? That could explain why he wasn't there for dawn patrol this morning, Sandstorm thought. And, if the dark tabby was hiding in the bushes watching the ginger cats group, then the ginger tom must have been Flameclaw.

Suddenly, Oscar looked around at the sky. "Oh, my twolegs would want me inside, it's getting late. You must need a place to sleep, but I can't take you into my home. Sky!"

A white she-cat poked her head out of a round stone that opened up in front of his twoleg nest. "Yes, Oscar? What do you want *now*?" the she-cat sounded annoyed, but not in an aggressive way.

"I was thinking if you could lead Sandystorm-"

"Sandstorm," Sandstorm corrected.

"I'm sorry -Sandstorm- here to the town so she has a place to sleep. It's gettin' late. She doesn't live with her Clan anymore, and I wanted to offer some kindness to her since she didn't claw my ears off as the usual Clan cats do." Oscar dipped his head to Sandstorm. Wait, what's a town? She guessed it was their way of saying the twolegplace.

Something told Sandstorm that not all kittypets are as bad and stubborn as she thought.

Authors Note

(Just so you know, this author note is not because I'm stopping this story! I know you guys are enjoying it, and I thank you for taking the time to read this!)

Hello there, fellow reader!

I'm taking this time to write a big thank you to all who are reading this AU. This is probably the best developed au and story I have on Wattpad, and I'm glad you are all enjoying it! And also, I'm enjoying writing this story as well.

Two more chapters will hopefully be coming out before March, and just so you know- those chapters will become pretty intense depending on what Sandstorm does during her time at Twolegplace, and what Tigerstar might do when Bone secretly joined up with him.

However, I am taking suggestions for what happens in the future of Flameclaw's (Fireheart's) dark path. So comment so I can see your ideas, and maybe, I might add them into the story!

Again, thank you so much! Make sure to follow me so you can see the announcements I make!

-Leonie Dickerson (Stanegg)

Chapter Eight

Authors Note:
Hello everyone! Leonie, here. I'm so sorry for the delay. I've been working on transferring schools and working on a YouTube show for my book, Flesh and Bone, which you can check out and read on this app. However, yes, I know it's past March, but it is definitely worth the wait because a few interesting moments do apply in this chapter. I hope you guys enjoy this chapter, and the next chapter should be expected to come out in June! Goodbye, my fellow readers. -Leonie Dickerson

- -

It was a windy day in the twolegplace. Flameclaw had decided to help Scourge, and the blood thirsty cat had decided to help Fireclaw in return. They had decided to turn on Tigerstar and take over the forest as a whole, bringing peace, justice, and security to their new empire- ***(wait- no.. wrong universe. That's Star Wars, never mind.)***

His fur bristled as the cold wind touched his skin under his ginger pelt. A sudden noise sounded from behind the masculine tom as he turned around, his eyes gazing in quick fury as to whatever was coming towards him. A sudden gasp came after.

When Flameclaw made eye contact with her his eyes softened slightly. It was Sandstorm. It was unlike her to have strayed this far into this side of the forest, let alone being in the twolegplace. "Sandstorm," he began, gazing at the pale she-cat.

Sandstorm had taken a step backwards, like she suddenly regretted seeing Flameclaw. Suddenly she straightened up. "Flameclaw," she responded, her voice was calm and any hint of aggression was well hidden. "I've come to join you. Tigerstar had become a pathetic leader and I don't want to live in a Clan which has that type of leadership. This was my own idea, and I thought that maybe on my own I could decide my own life."

"And Greystripe?" Flameclaw was tempted to know what Sandstorm

had decided to bring with her while she traveled to the twolegplace. Who knows, Greystripe could have followed her, or maybe even Darkstripe or Dustpelt, whom were ordered to kill Flameclaw if he was seen on TigerClan territory.

Sandstorm shifted her paws. "He doesn't know. No one knows." The fact that no TigerClan cat saw her, out of all the former Clans cats, was pretty odd. Some cat must have saw her leave, it is not like the Clans to not be suspicious of one leaving the forest.

However, Flameclaw decided to keep that to himself and nodded. He hesitated before continuing, but got cut off as his half-brother bounded through the fence behind him. Flameclaw swung his head around to look at Scourge as the black cat gave Sandstorm a witty glance.

"Who's this?" Scourge asked as his head tilted, his claws slowly unsheathing for defense. He raised his muzzle, his jaws partly opened to taste the air. Suddenly he reeled back and wrinkled his nose in disgust. "You are a forest cat, aren't you? I can smell the strong stench on your pelt. What are you doing on BloodClan territory?"

Sandstorm recognized Scourge after a few glances and her muscles tensed, ready to spring. "You're the rouge Flameclaw said who was talking to Tigerstar. Why are you with Flameclaw?"

There was no hiding why Flameclaw and Scourge joined up. Flameclaw had to tell the truth. "Scourge is my half-brother. He was born in a separate litter, but we had the same father." his words slowly flowed from his mouth, but Sandstorm shook her head in disbelief.

Scourge interrupted Sandstorm when she had opened her mouth to speak. "We are planning on a way to take over the forest, and get rid of Tigerstar. He attacked me as a kit, and Bluestar, Blue*fur* back then, had defended me. Flameclaw was cast out of his own clan by Tigerstar. We both want revenge against him."

Sandstorm paused. "Then may I join this fight? I can help you. Maybe we can just...start over. Forget about everything that

happened in the Clan ThunderClan once was." She looked at Flameclaw hopefully, as if waiting for the tom to magically agree to this. However, after a moment, the tom had decided that maybe this would be somewhat alright.

"Fine. Welcome to BloodClan, Sandstorm."

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Jarring thoughts and memories crept over Flameclaw's head that night. He twitched in his sleep, murmuring and growling about what was happening within his dreams. The last memory he saw was how furious he was at Tigerstar when the leader had exiled him from TigerClan.

He felt himself drift back into the moment, standing in front of a large crowd of cats that wished him dead for what he had done.

"I will hunt down and kill each and every one of you. All of you deserve to die. All of you!" Flameclaw had growled his eyes were two furious balls of ice that carried a murderous, insane, look with them. He started to turn away into the undergrowth, but he stopped, snapping his head to the crowd of cats. When the cats stared at him he knew that they were afraid, afraid of *him.* Flameclaw could feel his heart beat and adrenaline rush through his body, giving his words power. *"And when I come back, you will regret even following Tigerstar."*

He felt himself slide back into the real world, still furious at what was in his dream. It was just before dawn, and his entire body was still drowsy and sore from his rough sleep. However, he remembered how deeply he wanted to kill everyone in the Clans, and felt the adrenaline rush back through him as he considered that wish once more.

Flameclaw knew he couldn't trust any cat from the Clans. They all agreed to cast him out, to kill him if he ever stepped foot back into their camp. Was it a mistake to trust Sandstorm? Would he keep his murdering vow if he let Sandstorm live?

Suddenly a terrible idea swept into his mind. To make sure he

trusted Sandstorm she would have to do something that had to make sure that she was definitely doing everything he had asked, not going and making secret plots with the Clan cats.

Getting up, he swept over the nest where Sandstorm was sleeping in their little den. He prodded the she-cat's back with his paw, and Sandstorm slowly started to wake up. Turning over, she met Flameclaw's gaze with an alarming glance before realizing that she had joined him the day before.

"What do you want?" she asked, her gaze questioning as she looked at Flameclaw suspiciously. Flameclaw looked around before continuing, his voice low and his eyes cold.

"If you want to win my trust you have to do something for me. Do you accept this?" Flameclaw demanded, his voice in a whisper.

Sandstorm had hesitated before nodding. "Yes, Flameclaw."

Flameclaw had the faint insane expression on his face again. "I want you to kill Greystripe, in front of me. Only then you will receive my trust."

Chapter Nine

Help me.

It was days after I had commanded Sandstorm to kill Greystripe. Now I just lay in an abandoned shed twolegs had not used in a while. Alone. Scourge - my brother - and the rest of BloodClan had left moments ago, searching the twolegplace and more of the forest to claim territory. Sandstorm had gone hunting for food to bring back. Funny, I should have felt something inside of me that wanted to go with her, to make sure she was not going back to the Clans.

Instead, I felt nothing. Nothing but a pit of darkness inside of me, growing larger by each decision I made. The feeing felt like it was swallowing me whole, replacing my thoughts with nothing but fury and revenge. I couldn't get out, even if I'd ever once thought I was making the wrong choice.

Since I'd left the pathetic grasp of TigerClan, it was as if a monster broke out of its captivity. Of course, it has always been there inside my mind, but only commands and orders have escaped. It attached itself to my mind to make me what I had been back in the Clans. Now, the monster broke free, now that I'm not with Tigerstar anymore. I knew because I *am* that monster. And I could take down anyone I wanted.

"Flameclaw? I'm back." a voice seemed to whisper from the back of my thoughts, and I was snapped back into reality. Turning over to my side, I saw Sandstorm in front of me, holding a few scrawny pieces of prey in her jaws. She lowered her head and dropped them in front of her paws. I could see the hesitation she still had when approaching me. "I.. these were the only prey I could find around here. It is hard finding anything around here. I don't understand how BloodClan manages to live here."

I rolled my eyes, prodding at the scrawny looking squirrel. "BloodClan manages to survive because they are feared, here. Cats give them what they want, and sometimes they return the favor.

Though, when we take over the forest territory, we'd have enough prey to feed everyone. Instead of forcing them to eat twoleg rubbish."

Sandstorm managed to meet my eyes, and must've seen the coldness and cruelty in them to even try to shrug away from my vicious gaze. Every day I was basking in my own anger and hate towards the Clans, and now I was almost completely wrapped in the darkness that surrounded me. "You seem angry. Want to talk about it?" Sandstorm suggested.

What was the point? She wasn't a medicine cat. Her role wasn't to give some useless advice only the weak and helpless would actually take in. After all, I can't talk about it. I can't even trust her until she'd killed Graystripe. What was she-

I felt fur on my own fur. Moving away from my thoughts I saw Sandstorm rubbing up against me to try to comfort me. What was she *doing*? "I don't want to talk about it, Sandstorm." I growled, my fur lifting up. Moving away from her touch, I sat up with unease. The truth was, I haven't felt another cats' fur brushing past me in a long time. The last time I'd felt it was when I was back in the apprentices' den with Greystripe and Sandstorm when we were younger. When we sometimes would huddle up if we were cold, or just were lonely.

Since I was caught up in my own thoughts, I didn't realize that Sandstorm had clawed the ground in frustration to the stubbornness I've been responding with. "Since you became a warrior and a helper to Tigerclaw, you barely talked about what *you* felt about anything. The lies that you've kept to save your own pelt. Whenever you killed, I could see some regret in your eyes, but then it changed quickly back to anger-"

"Sandstorm." I hissed.

She wouldn't stop. "-when Tigerstar exiled you from TigerClan you kept quiet. You allowed yourself to be exiled without even standing up for the truth. Yes, I know you attacked Tigerstar once Scourge admitted to making a pact with him, but I know that trying to kill Tigerstar isn't the full story-"

"Sandstorm!" I stood up, and unsheathed my claws. Lashing my tail, I got close to the she-cats' face. "When I attacked Tigerstar, that *was* the full story," I spat. "I *was* trying to kill him. When he announced that I tried to kill him, tried to kill my *own leader*, I kept quiet because that was the truth. My plan was to kill him after I'd exposed his dirty secret. To hunt him down when he was exiled and I became leader."

The pale she-cat looked taken aback. "That still doesn't prove how Tigerstar was telling the truth instead of lying. You may have felt like you wanted to kill him, but you didn't injure him badly enough to prove that you *tried* to kill him," she muttered. "Besides, if you tried to kill him, you would've attacked him again right after you joined up with Scourge. And you would've...spied on him too." she blurted.

Spied on Tigerstar? What did she mean? I noticed a little bit of nervousness in her voice too. Was there something I didn't know? "Sandstorm," I replied coldly. "what are you hiding from me?"

Sandstorm gulped, and sighed. "I promise you can trust me. I'm only telling you this so you are aware of what's probably going to happen since.. Tigerstar was spying on you the day you joined with Scourge in the forest," I opened my mouth, about to say some harsh words, but the she-cat raised her tail to hush me. "Before I joined you, I met a tom called Oscar. He told me that he saw a dark tabby hiding in the bushes listening to you and Scourge talk."

Tigerstar, I thought darkly. It all started to come together, now. Tigerstar wanted to know the plans BloodClan and I had to take down TigerClan and claim the forest as territory. He was spying so he could know what Scourge and I were planning, and now he knows that we are on the same side now. *Wait, Bone stayed back after Scourge and I had left. Had he known about Tigerstar in the bushes? Was he the traitor who will take his side and betray BloodClan?*

"Sandstorm. Bring Scourge and Bone to meet with me. I want to have a little talk with both of them." I growled. Bone was going to be questioned and exposed. It's time Scourge knows what's going on, and that'll be right now.

Chapter Ten

warning: graphic details.

Once I've gotten my paws on him...oh...he'll forget he had ever made the decision of betraying BloodClan in trade to help Tigerstar. That little-

"Flameclaw?"

A she-cats voice, so piercing to his ears, shook Flameclaw back into reality as he realized that he was digging his claws into the wood below his paws. *How much did Bone tell Tigerstar? What now does Tigerstar know? He could expose our plans and Tigerstar could have the advantage,* he thought furiously. Sandstorm was there, and stared at Flameclaw anxiously, even though she was trying so hard to hide it. She knew his capabilities and how he could kill her in an instant if she ever dared to defy him. *That's exactly what Bone will experience.*

Flameclaw looked up at Sandstorm, his eyes dark with anger. Only that was enough to make Sandstorm flinch slightly. "What is it?" he snarled, his fur rising. Suddenly he smelled the scent of Bone and Scourge. Even though he was furious, a small part inside of him was bursting with excitement about the fact that he had all the control in this situation, and could do whatever he wanted.

Scourge entered the large wooden box Flameclaw was in, Bone closely behind. *I think twolegs called it a shed?* He thought.

His memory was foggy by that point and all he wanted to do was claw Bones throat. Scourge stared at the tom questioningly. "What do you need?" he asked curiously. Flameclaw was staring at Bone intensely. (***We've got to add those intense stares, man!)*** It was an awkward silence for a moment, before he spoke up.

"Oh Bone...you really thought you could get away with it, didn't you?" Flameclaw sneered. Bone shifted his paws awkwardly as Scourge turned to Bone questionably. His tone became more aggressive as he continued. Sandstorm gave him an alarmed look.

"You really *thought* that you could get away with it?!"

Scourge cleared his throat. "What happened? Bone, what happened? What did you do?" Of course, Bone was always loyal to Scourge, and was a trustworthy friend to Scourge and never left his side. Flameclaw thought that if he could expose Bone's actions in front of Scourge, the black tom would allow the ginger cat to punish Bone the way that he deserved to be. Bone stayed quiet.

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A/N: Hey... psst.. Leonie here... I wanted to promote myself quickly!! You should follow me on here if you're enjoying the story. That way when I do announcements and such you can get the notifications and maybe get updates for new stories (other than warrior cats) if you like... this is just a general question. You can choose to ignore this and continue the story too! I don't mind. And with that, feel free to comment on announcements with feedback or requests, or on stories! I will try to respond. School has taken a great deal out of me, haha. Okay.. bye bye! <3

- - -

"This is your fall, Bone. I know that you were with Tigerstar the day that you stayed behind the group at the edge of the forest," Flameclaw hissed. He glanced at Scourge. "Did you know your number one cat betrayed you? Our plans are exposed. Tigerstar will know what's going to happen and we won't have the advantage. We will have nothing."

Scourge snapped his head around to glare at Bone, taking a step towards Flameclaw. His fur rose slightly and he drew back his lips in a snarl. "Explain yourself!" he growled. Bone took a step backward, away from Scourge.

A voice in Flameclaw's mind kept on repeating the same word, over and over again. *Kill him, kill him, kill him, kill him,* it chanted. It never stopped, and it was becoming louder by the second. "He deserves death," Flameclaw rumbled. Of course...his death would show strength, and Tigerstar knowing that Flameclaw killed one of

his aliases would make him rethink. Soon enough, Flameclaw took a step towards Bone, his claws unsheathed. "You deserve to die, you fox-heart," he taunted, encouraging Bone to try to fight for his life. "Fight me, you coward!"

"I have nothing to say," Bone finally spoke up with a growl. "You were the reason why I chose Tigerstar. Scourge thinks he could trust you? He thinks you could help him? He's wrong. You just came into our lives and took over, and you expect me to take your side? Tigerstar has an entire forest. He knows how to handle things properly. Cats don't mind him. So sure, I'll fight you, Flameclaw. You'll see who the true coward is after."

Scourge actually looked nervous for a second...Bone was his trusted ally for a long time. Was he having second thoughts about Flameclaw? There was truth in what Bone was saying, and both Scourge and Flameclaw knew it. "Flameclaw, I-" he began to say, stepping in between the two toms.

"This is between Bone and I. Do not get between us, Scourge," Flameclaw hissed.

Scourge paused, but dipped his head to allow them to continue. Stepping away from the toms he kept his fur raised and claws unsheathed. As Flameclaw started to circle Bone, Sandstorm had moved closer to Scourge. She was nervous; both of them were. If Flameclaw killed Bone, especially cold-blooded, then the plan trying to get her to turn Flameclaw back wouldn't work. Or, it may be possible but it would involve many cats dying. The she-cat hoped that he would at least spare Bone, if anything.

Bone started to circle Flameclaw as well, but Flameclaw attacked first. He pounced onto Bone, his paws outstretched, and the two rolled onto the ground, biting each other. Once Bone was on top of Flameclaw, he managed to pin him down. However that didn't stop Flameclaw; he used his back legs to launch Bone off of him, sending the tom skidding on the ground. That allowed Flameclaw time to get up and move towards Bone. Since Bone was on the ground and there was a clear visible spot of where the fur on his belly was, Flameclaw knew what he had to do.

The tom took his claws and sliced right through Bone's stomach, some of the guts spilling out of it. Blood started to pool around Bone, but that didn't make Flameclaw stop. He dug for Bone's heart. When he thought he was done, Flameclaw stood in the middle of the bloody mess he had made. His claws were bloody, and his eyes sparkled. H started to chuckle as Bone, all bloody and his heart out of him, glanced up at him so weak. So helpless. What a pity. "You're the coward. You couldn't even keep your own self alive when you needed to fight.

"The true coward was you all along, Flameclaw. You were too weak to resist your temptations. Too weak to fight it. I know I joined Tigerstar, but at least he had at least some compassion. Some knowledge. You're like a blind cat trying to see what's in front of him. You don't know *anything*." Those were his last words before he closed his eyes and took one last breath as the life slowly drained out of him. Flameclaw, Scourge, and Sandstorm all stood there, a mixture of emotions all across their faces.

It took a moment for Flameclaw to come back to himself, but when he did, he growled in frustration and kicked Bone's body into the bushes next to them. Turning to Sandstorm and Scourge with glowing eyes, it was clear that he'd lost his mind. "Forget taking over the forest, we can do that later. I want everyone in the forest, including Tigerstar, dead or captured," he snarled. "This is what happens when we are treated unfairly. We punish them."

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Since I have apparently attracted an audience that I had no idea (but I'm very grateful) would exist, maybe you guys would like to read some other things of mine in the meantime while I work on the next part! This is my most recent story, slightly similar to this one but except it's not talking cats and it has a different storyline, which you guys should definitely read:
https://issuu.com/pastelmoon/docs/the_murder_on_main_street_-_google_docs

By the way, if I don't update for a while I'm probably working on school or have a bit of writer's block due to writing this. I'm also probably working on another piece that I'm caught up with! Again

if you have any questions or want to contact me, you can contact me here until I set up an email for specifically business inquiries for writing and such. Thank you so much!